THE WATER PLEDGE.

A TEMPERATE COMICALITY,

dedicated to

FATHER MATHEW

and his Disciples.

Words by

W. H. C. WEST,

Music by

W. WEST.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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THE WATER PLEDGE.

The Words by W. H. West.

The Music by W. West.

IN A TEMPERATE TIME.

Just out, 2^d Edition, of Bachelors house warming Party, with dilemmas illustrated.

Father Mathew at their head the world's un_cle is no doubt sir For

all the world are pledging it at the wa_ter spout sir,

Oh! the pledge the wa_ter-pledge for e - ver, Oh! the

pledge the wa_terpledge for e - ver.

Just out, My Splendacious Painting .

The

Brew - ers and Dis - til - - lers out of *Spi - rits* 'gin to .

scam - per Father Mathew's wa - ter cure has on them put a

dam - per Fa ther Mathew stoutly vows his ef - forts he'll ne'er

Just out, Life's dull realities .

fail in, As he's al-ways drinking wa-ter too- we ne-ver find him

ail - - - ing Oh! the pledge the wa-ter pledge for

e - - ver Oh! the pledge the wa-ter-pledge for e - - ver

f

3

Father Thames begins to grumble for he's getting very *dry* now,
 But he does not weep *eye water* 'cause the water's never *high* now;
 And all thro' the Teetotallers 'tis shocking to relate sir,
 'Cause they've drank up *half* the Thames, they *double* the water-rate sir

Oh! the pledge &c:

4

The fishes in the river are all in a *sad* condition,
 And to the *Prince of Wales* intend to send in a petition;
 For Bacchus has declared and he's awful in his ire,
 To dry up the Teetotallers "he'll set the Thames on fire."

Oh! the pledge &c:

5

The Chinese trade beyond all doubt is any thing but low sir,
 As demands for *tea* are *very great*-returns are *still* more *Sloe* sir,
 That Malt and Hops are going down Teetotallers boast proudly,
 And that Ginger Beer is "*getting up*" report speaks *very loudly*,

Oh! the pledge &c:

6

Old toppers try Teetotallers to tempt with the "*real stuff*" sirs,
 But Teetotallers will have it that the water's "*well enough*" sir,
 But boldly still the mighty vine uprears his noble head sir;
 When they've drank up *all the water* why they *must drink wine* instead sir,

Oh! the pledge &c:

7

They say Temp'rance is a vessel that keeps steady thro' each gale sir,
 She touches neither *Cape* nor *Port* for *Madeira* ne'er makes sail sir,
 The Captain, Father Mathew though no leaks the Ship annoy
 Is for ever crying "*steady boys* to the *Pump* all hands a hoy!"

Oh! the pledge &c: